

ELIZA

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TO

COMMUS.

AN

EPISTLE.

In Imitation of Mr. POPE's ELOISA
to ABELARD.

By CHARLES AUGUSTINE LEA, Esq.

Scribere jussit Amor. OVID.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BOYQUR, at the *White Hart* in *Pater-Noster Row*.

MDCCLIII.

[Price Sixpence.]

E L I A

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E P I S T L E

In imitation of Mr. Pope's ELIADA

— to ABELARD

By CHARLES AUGUSTINE LEA, B.A.

London: Printed by J. B. Nichols, 1841.



[Faint text, possibly a date or reference]

T H E
A R G U M E N T.

ELIZA, the Daughter of a Gentleman of Family and Fortune, falls in Love with Comus, a gay, young, dissolute Fellow, who had spent the greatest Part of his Paternal Inheritance in the Gaieties of Life, and was now retired to a small Villa at a little Distance from Eliza's Father's Country Seat. The Arguments and Protections of this Deluder prevailed upon the Lady to elope from her Friends, and the Consequence was her Ruin. His soon after leaving her under a Pretence of visiting remote Countries, was the Occasion of her writing this Epistle.

It may be necessary to add, that tho' the Names are fictitious, the Story is real, and yet recent in that Part of England where it was transacted.

THE ARGUMENT.

ELIZA, the Daughter of a Gentleman of Family and Fortune, falls in Love with Collins, a gay, young, dissolute Fellow, who had spent the greatest Part of his Paternal Inheritance in the Games of Life, and was now retired to a small Villa at a little Distance from Eliza's Father's Country Seat. The Arguments and Persuasions of this Debauch prevailed upon the Lady to elope from her Friends, and the Consequence was her Ruin. Her soon after having a Murderer a Presence of existing remote Consequences was the Occasion of her writing this Epistle.

It may be necessary to add, that the Names are fictitious, the Story is real, and yet recent in that Part of England where it was written.

Reviews where once Imperial Papyrus stood,

Where Tiber's Son stalk'd o'er the slaughter'd Field,

And tow'ring high with his seven-fold shield.

What'er immortal Homer, king explores,

Follows Ulysses to his Native Shores;

But not like him, his Toils and Dangers pass;

In his dear Country's Arms he lies at last.

What have I done, that could thy Hatred move?

What caus'd thy Flight? The Cause, alas! was Love.

Thro' Wind and Waves oppos'd I came, alas! was Love.

Till it in murmurs gently-flowing springs;

And thou that saw'st our Joys all-conscious Grove

Sweet Oblivion bury all thy care.

I've lost my Peace—the Cause, alas! was Love.

Alas! I rave, my Genius is unkind,

Was it for this I sacrific'd my Fame,

Deaf to my plaintive Cries, as Waves or Wind,

Sated with Fondness from my Charms he flies,

Where other Suns are roll'd in other Skies,

Reviews where once Imperial *Phrygia* stood,
Where fam'd *Scamander* winds his fabled Flood,
Where *Thetis* Son stalk'd o'er the slaughter'd Field,
And tow'ring *Ajax* with his sev'n-fold Shield.
Whate'er immortal *Homer* sing explores,
Follows *Ulysses* to his Native Shores;
But not like him, his Toils and Dangers past,
In his dear Confort's Arms is blest at last.
What have I done, that could thy Hatred move?
What caus'd thy Flight? The Cause, alas! was Love.
Bear it, ye Zephyrs, on your balmy Wings,
Till it in murmurs, gently-flowing Springs;
And thou that saw'st our Joys all-conscious Gaze,
I've lost my Peace,—the Cause, alas! was Love.
Was it for this I sacrific'd my Fame,
Consign'd to Infamy, my spotless Name.

Bid Parents, Kindred, Friends, a long Adieu,
 Left Wealth and Ease for Poverty and you.
 With mute Attention, dwelt upon your Tongue,
 And when you spoke methought an Angel sung,
 How oft' e'er Morning dawn'd, we us'd to rove,
 And seek the deep Recesses of the Grove,
 Where *Philomela* warbles out her Strains,
 Or gaily sportive wander o'er the Plains,
 Sweep down the Vale, or mount the rugged Steep,
 And view from far the Horrour of the Deep.
 Oft' have I gull'd each Flower choice or rare,
 To form a Chaplet to adorn thy Hair.
 When Music lent its soft inspiring Sound,
 With thee I've led the mystic dance and beat the burthen'd
 Ground.

These Scenes are fled, and what does now remain
 But Grief, the Offspring of Despair and Pain.

In vain, I wander through the dreary shades,
And seek for Peace in meditating shades.
To some more blest the Goddess wings her flight,
Well-pleas'd on Earth to stay, with Pleas'd to fight,
To lodge on Breasts that never knew to glow,
With real or imaginary Woe.
Where Philomela warbles out her strains,

Sometimes with a look of dread and frighten'd Air,
My Hair dishevel'd, and my Breast with blood now sweep
Comus, I cry, and to the Grove I run, with view
(The well-known Nymph, the Grove retreating in)
'Till breathless, faint, I sink upon the Ground, to
And Death's dim shades my closing Eyes surround.
So some mad Sibyl with the Goddessa
Prophetic Fury lab'ring in her Breast, Ground
Her Body wounded, and her Garter rent, These
Raves, rages, foams, until the Stain have reach'd
Then

Then on the Earth extended lies for Bed
 And Thought I hourly / Suspense in that Prison
 When Night arising with her stony Train,
 With Sable Wings o'erwhelms the dusky Plain,
 When happy Souls lose their Gates in Sleep,
 I wretched wake, and painful Vigils keep
 To hold Communion sad with Woe
 Tho' whistling Winds blow loud, and falls the Snow,
 As o'er the Church-yards dreary Paths I roam,
 And view poor Mortals last Retreat, the Tomb.
 Methinks, I hear a Voice cry, "Come away,
 " *Eliza* come, no longer Sister stay,
 " Like thee, I lov'd; like thee, I was betray'd,
 " Grief, like a Canker, on my Beauties prey'd,
 " Till like a Lilly in its blooming Pride,
 " By cruel Ploughshare cropt, I droop'd and died.

" No Hour so blest'd, since that which gave me Birth,
 " As that which sunk me to my Mother Earth;
 " Here stern Oppression does enslave no more,
 " The great are humble, and the wealthy poor;
 " Forgot is Love, and all its Joy and Pain,
 " And here the Flatt'ers Blandishments are vain;
 " Then quick, *Eliza*, yield thy fleeting Breath,
 " The surest Path to Happiness is Death.
 I come, I come; but yet proud *Comus* know,
 'Twas thy Disdain that gave the fatal Blow.
 The Gods are just, impending Wrath beware,
 The Vows of Lovers are not lost in Air;
 But Vengeance does their Perjuries await
 Engrav'd in Volumes of eternal Fate.
 Yet may kind Heav'n Mercy shew to thee,
 And pardon him, who would not pity me!

" No

I faint

(II)

I faint, I bleed, oh! lay me on the Bier,
Ye tender Maids, and grace me with a Tear,
The only Favour now, ye can bestow,
And what Humanity the Dead does owe.
Comes, farewell, the Toil of Life is o'er,
The World is lost, and thou art lov'd no more.

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F A V O R I T E